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# Freedom



👁 27 ✓ 4 ★ 3

## Chapter 1 by Fanwizard

It's not easy when you've been running for 3 years straight and you're completely alone in the wilderness. I'm serious, living out here with people chasing me and trying to kill me.

Especially when you have been alone for some time, when you wander off into the woods while your sister is sleeping, and you exactly no supplies, no water, no food, and the only clothes you have are the ones you are the ones you are wearing. A thin white (now grey) nightgown.

The End.

## Chapter 2 by Fanwizard



(Ow! What was that for? HEY! STOP THAT! DO NOT TOUCH THAT COMPUTER OR YOU ARE DEAD!)

That was 100 very angry readers slapping and shaking the living daylights out of me. They're demanding me to continue the story, and even threatening to smash my laptop to bits.

I say one word. No.

(Stop that! OW!)

And another reader just dropped a brick on my head. (Where did you get that? Readers are supposed to be nice to writers!)

My editor is currently glaring at me, and telling me to continue the story. (Well, aren't you supportive?)

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(Put down the frying pan!)

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(mother's! And especially

On one condition.

DO NOT tell anyone this book exists.

Now, back to the story.

I eventually bought a new white blouse and a new flowy light blue skirt, but I run barefoot. No stockings, no itchy shoes, and no rules. So I've learned how to climb trees and plan when I run.

From who?

I don't know.

But you're about to find out.

## Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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